

EPISTLE to **Sir. SCIPIO HILL,**

from Madam Kil——k.

TO thee, Oh Knight! in hopes of Aid, I send,
 Hear my Complaints, and my sad Case befriend
 A While forbear the ratt'ling Dice to throw,
 A While thy Thirst of Gain at Cards forego:
 So may on *Simms* Bredouilles and Gammons fall,
 And against *Hervey* Piques attend thy Call:
 So may thy Surgeons with Success be crown'd,
 Or may thy strolling Dam'sels prove more sound.

To various Fate inur'd, thou best can'st tell
 What Pains incessant with the Wretched dwell.
 Now *Fortune* smiles, and in her frolick Vein,
 Paves thee a Way, new Favours to obtain:
 From abject State, She lifts thee up on high,
 And bids thee, boldly, future Ills defy:
 Bids thee to lofty Dignities aspire,
 Pensions are mean; a Place for Life require.

The servile Courtiers on thy Steps attend,
 Selected from the Herd for *Galga's* Friend.
 Unskill'd in Business, and oppress'd with Cares,
 To vast *Balæna* nightly he repairs.
 For her, his Wife and Children he removes,
 And wallows in her Fat, and thinks he loves.
 Papers and Scissars next their Time employ,
 And Racks and Gibbets are their only Joy.
 In various Forms they practice Deaths design'd,
 And in Effigie, torture humane Kind.
 Thee *Galga* takes to spur his Appetite,
 With Jest's obscene to cheer the dozing Night.
 Thee *Galga* loves, nor is his Joy conceal'd,
 That such a Genius is to him reveal'd.
 Alike in this, to different Stations born,
 Favours from Women both your Brows adorn.

When from *Balæna*, *Galga* shall retire,
 Unable to assuage her rank Desire;
 Then plead my Cause, his stubborn Humour bend,
 His Sister, Mistress, and his Bawd defend.
 Sufficient Ties! but Womens Tears are vain,
 For Men despise what easily they gain.
 Too well is *Galga's* Temper understood,
 His Love of Money, and his Thirst of Blood.
 When Importun'd, if one Man's Life he spares,
 His Motive is, the Hopes to starve his Heirs.

Forgive these Truths which my Resentment tells,
 And think what Rage in one abandon'd dwells.
 In me behold, what Miseries attend
 Those, who on *Galga's* Amity depend.

Hither we came with sacred Love of Gold,
 And Places, Titles, and blue Garters sold.
 Wealth we have got, but Wealth will not suffice,
 'Tis Pow'r alone Ambition gratifies.

In *Galga's* Breast my Int'rest I maintain'd,
 While here his Instrument of Death remain'd.
 Now gone to answer for the Blood he shed,
 All my ambitious tow'ring Hopes are fled:
 Plead thou my Cause, restore me to his Grace,
 And thou may'st hope to fill my Baron's Place.
 Thou shalt *Adonis* be, nor *Heydegger* shall dare
 His hideous Lineaments again with thine compare.